

PURITY of HEART:

MORAL EPISTLE.

By Mr. SCOTT,
Fellow of TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Ενδον βλεπε, ενδον η πηγη τς αγαθς. ANTONINUS.

Sic vivendum est, tanquam in conspectu vivamus; sic cogitandum, tanquam aliquis in Pectus intimum inspicere possit, et potest. SENECA.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by J. BENTHAM Printer to the UNIVERSITY, for T. & J. MERRILL, Bookfellers in Cambridge; Sold by BENJ. DOD, R. & J. DODSLEY, J. WHISTON & B. WHITE, and W. SANDBY, in London; J. FLETCHER, and D. PRINCE, in Oxford; and the Bookfellers at York and Leeds.

M.DCC.LXI.

PURITY OF HEART

MORAL EPISTOL



39.
4. 13.
409.

A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will,
Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

I Give my Kissingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the Honour of the Supreme Being and Recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expense of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward to Mr. SCOTT, M.A. for his Poem on PURITY of HEART, and direct the said Poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the Will.

Oct. 16. 1761.

G. Sandby, Vice-Chancellor.
J. Wilcox, Master of Clare Hall.
M. Lort, Greek Professor.

PURITY of HEART:

A

MORAL EPISTLE.

IN that rude climate where the Alps arise,
And mountains heap'd on mountains threat the skies,
From one prolific hill their wat'ry stores
The Rhone, the Rhine, the Po, the Danube pours :
Thro' diff'rent lands their diff'rent course they bend ;
Now prone in rapid cataraets descend,
Boil, foam, and roar, the trees impetuous tear,
And grate hoarse thunder on the distant ear ;
Now stealing gently thro' their oozy bed,
O'er smiling plains their beauteous plenty spread,
With nect'rous dews the purple vineyards feed,
Bid olives rise, and harvests crown the mead,

Fair Commerce all her canvass wings unfold,
And fly to distant suns, and shores of gold:

Thus from the Heart, that seat of joy, and woe,
In various streams our various Passions flow:
Now, loud as *Ætna's* smouldring torrents roar,
They burst impetuous; tides of reeking gore
Whelm in promiscuous ruin heaps of slain,
And dreary desolation sweeps the plain!

Now gentler grown, with current smooth and mild,
They cheer the barren, sooth the thirsty wild,
By Reason guided, checkt, impell'd produce
In Life's fair plan all Ornament and Use.

This fruitful source, thus rightly understood,
Of greatest evil, or of greatest good,
Whence all their hues our tinctur'd Passions draw,
O watch, preserve it pure, with sacred awe!
Can streams be clear from fountains dark and foul?
Or Actions good, corrupt, and base the Soul?
No, *LUCIUS*, no — fair Virtue trembling flies,
Or should she stay, her boasted beauty dies;
Devotion turns to farce, and sense and spirit
Are — what? — the venal Statesman's grand demerit.

When

A MORAL EPISTLE.

7

When dear to Virtue, to his country dear,
Accomplisht POLLIO charm'd the public ear,
Firm as a rock 'midst wav'ring senates stood,
And boldly stem'd corruption's venal flood,
What crouds admir'd his wit and manly sense?
What crouds ador'd his patriot eloquence?
'Tis past, 'tis gone — and lo the wise, the brave,
The virtuous POLLIO is a titled slave.
Blush, Freedom, blush! thy fav'rite Son is sold,
And love for Thee submits to love for gold;
Dead to all fame, and to his parts unjust,
He makes God's gift a pander to his lust.

Not so CAMILLUS, BRITAIN's dear delight,
Firm to his trust, inflexible from right;
Born to support his drooping country's cause,
Maintain her freedom, and secure her laws,
To guide the frail machine with ceaseless care,
Each crazy spring, and tott'ring wheel repair.
Blest Statesman, that can Attic wit combine
With Roman strength, and Eloquence divine;
Can Attic wit, and Roman strength employ,
To blast the foes of heav'n-born liberty!

In

In vain Ambition spreads her tinsel charms;
 And Pleasure woos him with extended arms,
 Drawn by no Party's devious glare astray,
 Those wand'ring fires, that glitter to betray,
 Up Virtue's steep ascent the Patriot toils,
 And meets his due reward in BRITAIN'S smiles.

Say what 'twixt POLLIO's and CAMILLUS' part
 The diff'rence makes? I'll tell you friend — the heart:
 Be This the Patriot's pride, with this uncrown'd
 Wit is a jest, and Eloquence a sound:
 This too the Saint's delight — unwarm'd within
 Pray'r is mere babbling, sanctity is sin.

Constant at Church AVARO prays so loud,
 His noisy zeal confounds the gaping croud;
 With hands uprais'd, and heav'n-projected eyes,
 Full thrice a day he smites his breast and sighs:
 Dissembling wretch, with heart so prone to evil,
 A mere machine, a stopwatch to the Devil! —
 Will Nature's awful GOD so just, and wise,
 Whose instant glance thro' all creation flies,

Pervades

Pervades each Movement of our inmost souls,
Where thought impelling thought continual rolls,
Pleas'd with such off'rings view with partial Eye
Thy specious form, and well-feign'd sanctity?
No — he beholds thee Wretch, tho' wrapt in pray'r,
A Wolf disguis'd, a painted Sepulchre;
Regards no more thy cant, and godly whine,
Than yon dumb statue, on the marble shrine,
Whose hands are seen in holy rapture clos'd,
And steadfast Eyes to heav'n alone dispos'd,
Pray'r's senseless image, where no soul within
Speaks thro' the form, and animates the mien.
When all the breast is pure, each warm desire
Sublim'd by holy love's etherial fire,
On winged words our breathing Thoughts may rise,
And soar to heav'n a grateful sacrifice:
Not so, my Friend, when carnal Passions reign,
And grosser acts of sin the Heart distain;
Our souls all clotted by contagion grow,
And brood, and grovel in the dust below:
Like ling'ring Ghosts, that loath, as fables say,
To leave the body, haunt their kindred clay.

B

But

But ah how few a firm, and faithful band,
Th' assaults of warring Passions can withstand!
With whirlwind-force they now the Heart assail,
Now with surprize, and crafty feints prevail,
Betray the fort, thro' friendship's fair disguise,
Till half-consenting vanquish'd Virtue dies.
For ev'ry Vice to Virtue is ally'd,
And thin partitions their weak bounds divide:
To the pale Miser, bent with sordid pain,
And brooding, harpye like, o'er ill-got gain,
His fav'rite Vice the garb of Virtue wears,
And drest by passion honest Thrift appears:
'Tis Nature's law, voluptuous CLODIO cries,
Steaming from stews, and brothel revelries;
'Tis nature's law, decrepid HIRCUS swears,
Love-sick, and lewd, at more than seventy Years:
What, PUBLIUS, made thy gentle soul despise
The strictest bonds, and dearest charities?
Rous'd thy young blood to more than civic strife,
And arm'd thy hand against thy Sov'reign's Life?
The Dæmon discord rose in CATO's form,
And blew the trump to freedom's false alarm;

He caught the foud, and mad with patriot pride,
In faction's curfed cause the rebel dy'd.

Thus the fond heart, by some dear paffion fway'd,
Frail and corrupt is foon to fin betray'd;
Vice by degrees a firm poffeffion gains,
And o'er the willing Soul defpotic reigns:
Dreadful no more the meager hag appears,
Purfu'd by doubts, and harrow'd up with fears,
Trickt out in lavish ornaments fhe fmiles
A dang'rous Circe fraught with charming wiles.
When fome lone Traveller, from Ontario's fhore,
Hears Niagara's rushing Cat'racts roar,
Appall'd he ftands, with chilling horror pale,
Or flies impetuous to fome diftant Vale,
Where prone beneath the Myrtle's od'rous fhade
Peaceful and calm may reft his aching head;
Not fo the native hind, by custom brave,
Carelefs he hears the foaming Surges rave,
Views the wild Scene with firm and fteady brow,
And cleaves in fport the madding Waves below:
Thus when at firft from Virtue's path we ftray,
How fhinks the feeble heart with fad difmay!

More bold at length, by pow'rful habit led,
 Callous and fear'd the dreary Wilds we tread,
 Behold the gaping Gulph of sin with scorn,
 And plunging deep to endless death are born.
 O sad estate, defilement base and foul,
 When Vice lethargic spreads o'er all the Soul;
 When Conscience, that impartial judge assign'd
 By Heav'n to check, approve, condemn the mind,
 Like BUFO sleeps, and leaves poor Virtue's cause
 To a brib'd Jury, and to tyrant laws,
 To lusts corrupt and vile, that wrong to right
 Prefer, and blind with rage, call darkness light.

How blest are they, my friend, whose Hearts are free
 From Vice, and Passion's gross Impurity!
 Whose mental Eyes ideal truths behold;
 And purg'd from films and tinctures of earth's mold,
 Pervade with lightning-force that blest abode,
 Where veil'd in brightness reigns th' eternal GOD.
 So *LOWTHER lives — No taint of modish sin
 Defiles the Image of his God within;
 Far from the spotless temple of his mind
 Each base affection flies, and leaves behind
 Religion, and a love for all mankind :

* Sir WILLIAM LOWTHER, of Swillington in Yorkshire, Bart.

Of manners gentle and of truth severe,
Tho' plain not rustic, courtly yet sincere;
Benevolent like heav'n, when all around
It drops down fatness on the weary ground:
No costly dainties on his board are spread,
'Tis luxury to him the poor to feed;
Superior far to all the pomp of dress,
He cloaths the shiv'ring Beggar's nakedness!
A friend to every want, and every Woe,
Nor scarce to Vice when in distress a foe;
So LOWTHER lives — Oh may he long remain
The pleasing subject of my moral Strain!
And when at length he quits the well-trod stage,
Retire the joy, and glory of his age;
As some fam'd Actor from the Scene withdraws,
While crouds tumultuous thunder out applause,
Or Grecian Victor, when the race was done,
The Crown of glory claim'd, by Virtue won.

Oh could I live like him, and thus depart,
What sober home-felt joy would swell my heart!
No love of fame should then disturb my breast,
Nor this, nor that Man's censures break my rest:

Malice

Malice in vain a cloud of dust should raise,
And Envy nip the tender buds of praise :
Pleas'd would I view the placid Scene within,
(Thro' a clear Medium, undisturb'd by sin)
Where all the Virtues to perfection rise,
And bear their blushing glories to the skies :
Blest in Oblivion leave the World behind,
And till with care the garden of my mind.

F I N I S.

Lately publish'd by the same Author,

1. HEAVEN : the Prize Poem, for 1760. *Second Edition.*
2. ODES on several Subjects. 4^{to}.
3. A Spoufal HYMN address'd to his Majesty. 4^{to}.

THE HEAVEN

THE HEAVEN: the First Poem, for 1760. Second Edition.
LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

THE HEAVEN: the First Poem, for 1760. Second Edition.
LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

